
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JANUARY, 1817.

MEMOIR OF MRS. GRANT,
OF LAGGAN, N. B.

It is seldom we meet with a subject whose natural abilities are so far cultivated, by personal industry and perseverance, as to arrive at that acme of excellence which attracts and deserves public celebrity. Talents so improved, are, at all times, truly worthy of praise; but they become doubly estimable when they are exerted and applied to laudable and benevolent purposes. When a parent is labouring by mental means, to raise and maintain with comfort a numerous offspring, and to procure them education proper to make them worthy and useful members of society, how gratifying must it be to the feelings of every Biographer to record such a character! (at least, it is so to the writer of this article), and to have an opportunity of introducing to our readers an account of so respectable a person as Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, North Britain.

This praise-worthy lady, the subject of our present memoir, is the daughter of a Highland officer, formerly in the British Army, of the name of Macvicar, and her mother is connected with many families of the Appin Stuarts: she was born in the year 1755, in Glasgow.—While an infant, she was taken by her parents to America, where her

THE LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.

father was stationed a considerable time, at a fort in the back settlements, among the Mohawks. In the year 1769, in consequence of the disquiet which then began to prevail, he quitted the service, and returned with his wife and daughter to Scotland.

On leaving America, the native talents of Miss Macvicar, who was then fourteen years of age, could not be supposed to have received much improvement from cultivation. Remote as the situation of her father was from all civil society, there could be no source of promoting the education of his daughter, except what his own, and Mrs. Macvicar's, parental zeal and attention afforded. Their joint endeavours, however, to inform and enlighten the mind of their promising pupil, were promptly aided by her own natural abilities, which, at a very early period, displayed themselves far superior to her infantine time of life.

A few years after Mr. Macvicar's return to Scotland, he obtained in 1773, a kind of half-military appointment at Fort Augustus, where Miss Macvicar chiefly resided till 1779, when she married the Rev. James Grant, minister of Laggan, a remote part of the country. By this gentleman, who died in 1802, she became the mother of eight children; four of whom yet survive; and it was to procure the means of placing out her orphan children that she began to give to the public the productions of her literary talents. Her situation and motives soon attracted the attention of the public as well as of her friends; and, from the intrinsic merit of her performance, public patronage also; for her first publication in 1803, "*The Highlanders, and other poems*, 8vo." very soon reached a third edition; and her second work in 1806, "*Memoirs of an American Lady, with Sketches of Scenery and Manners in America*," 2 vols. 12mo. a second edition in 1809. From the favour shewn, and success attending the sale of these works, by her friends, and a benevolent and discerning public, Mrs. Grant was encouraged to publish; in 1808, "*Letters from the Mountains*," 3 vols. 12mo. which have gone through four editions; in 1811, "*Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders*," 2 vols. 12mo. and "*Eigh*

teen Hundred and Thirteen," a poem; besides other useful publications, and occasionally writing for several periodical works.

These volumes of Mrs. Grant's literary exertions, continue to be generally read, with an avidity highly creditable to the talents of the fair writer,—a proof of the intrinsic merit of her works, and the approbation of the praise-worthy conduct which first induced Mrs. Grant to present her compositions to the public.

Among the few singular events, by which a quiet and secluded life has been diversified, one of the most remarkable was the benevolence and warmth of friendship which prompted an American Lady, of distinguished worth and talents, to make a very uncommon exertion in behalf of the subject of this memoir. Meeting accidentally with the "Letters from the Mountains," this ardent and superior mind, not satisfied with warm approbation, and the elegant expression of these feelings to the author, actually, with the assistance of some friends, reprinted the work at Boston (New England), and remitted the profits to the author. This lady, now beyond the reach of human praise, closed an exemplary life amidst her fondly attached friends and relations in 1811. She was daughter to the late eminent Judge Lowell, of New England.

ANECDOTE OF MR. JOHNSON.

Mr. Johnson made Dr. Goldsmith a comical answer one day, when seeming to repine at the success of Beattie's Essay on Truth—"Here's such a stir," said he, "about a fellow that has written one book, and I have written many." "Ah! Doctor," says his friend, "there go two-and-forty sixpences, you know, to one guinea."

ESSAY ON THE NEW YEAR.

"The bell strikes One!—we take no note of time,
 But from its loss;—to give it then a tongue, is
 Wise in man.—As if an angel spoke, I feel the
 Solemn sound!—If heard aright, it is the knell
 Of my departed hours!—Where are they?
 With the years beyond the flood.——
 It is the signal that demands dispatch;—
 How much is to be done! My hopes and fears start up
 Alarm'd; and o'er life's narrow verge look down—
 On what? A fathomless abyss! a dread eternity!
 How surely mine! and can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

YOUNG.

THOUGH the sublimity of the author's appeal to the heart and the understanding must at all times be impressive, it seems to acquire additional force at the commencement of a new year, which, like the bell, so figuratively described by the poet, is a signal to remind us of that eternity we are approaching every hour! Though the vicissitude of day and night mark the rapidity of time's progress, yet from their undeviating succession, they make no impression upon the human heart; and we waste those precious moments in idleness or frivolity which bitter repentance is unable to recall! But when time has accomplished his annual revolution, recollection seems to concentrate our ideas, and the mind imperceptibly takes a retrospective view of the events which have occurred in the year that is past. Many, doubtless, are the mercies we have received from a beneficent Providence; many, likewise, may have been the distresses which we have encountered; yet these, as Lord Lyttleton beautifully expresses it, are blessings in disguise, sent as admonitions by the great parent of the universe. Such retrospective views will naturally be attended with a conviction that an Omniscient and Omnipotent Power

presides over our hemisphere; and that those events which we attribute to chance, are the ordinations of a great and all-powerful Creator!

Many may have been the friends, or more properly expressing myself, the acquaintance, whose attenuated thread of life may have broken within the year; and the most healthy may be summoned to the great tribunal long before the present season shall again appear! Thus uncertain of the future, how inestimable becomes the present; the past, alas! can never be recalled; yet the labourer in the vineyard, who toiled only one hour, received an equal portion of reward! What an incitement to the practice of piety and virtue does that beautiful parable hold forth! It seems impressively to warn the idle and the dissipated, that the day is far spent, and the night approaching fast.

There is a natural propensity within us to store futurity with pleasing images; hope illusively gilds the perspective views of life; whilst disappointment overclouds the fairest prospects, and leaves the mind a prey to the indulgence of grief; but, by fixing our affections on things above, we shall avoid sorrows of this description; and, without displaying apathy of feeling, we shall acquire resignation of mind, and the reflection that a few fleeting years will terminate the trials we are encountering, will reconcile us to all the miseries of life. To redeem the time which has been mispent, or at least to waste no more of our precious moments, is what I am desirous of recommending to my readers; for the sacred lips of truth have informed us, that, for the most trivial of our actions, we shall be obliged to render up an account. Though this life is to many a scene of trial and suffering, yet exquisite are the enjoyments attached to the practice of virtue; in fact, there are few of the moral duties which do not carry with them their own reward. How gratifying are the sensations which a benevolent mind experiences after feeding the hungry, or administering to the woes of the distressed! and though the power may be circumscribed, yet, as the widow's mite was

acceptable, inclination amply supplies the smallness of the gift.

Charity and brotherly love are the two duties most frequently recommended by our Redeemer; and those who are destitute of these virtues can have no title to the name of Christians. Though the human mind is incapable of forming any connected ideas of those rewards which are prepared for the righteous, yet we spontaneously conceive them, in a great measure, to proceed from reciprocity of affection. How necessary then does it appear, that, during this state of probation, we should endeavour to subdue every violent emotion.

"To thee, O Devotion!" says the much-admired Dr. Blair, "we owe the highest improvement of our nature; from thee, we derive the solid enjoyment of life; thou calmest the passions, exaltest the feelings, and imperiously checkest the allurements of vice." From this source alone, can the afflicted derive consolation; from hence the oppressed may confidently apply for relief; and, though friends should neglect, or foes assail us, in that blessed harbour we shall always be safe. "Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life!" say the Scriptures; words which at once convey consolation, and inspire confidence in the Christian's mind, who, supported by the prospect of a blissful immortality, submissively encounters all the calamities of life.

"If religion affords such enlivening consolation," says the sceptic, "Why are any of its advantages concealed? Why are we left in a state of uncertainty? Why are not the joys of futurity revealed?" Shall man presume to question the ordinations of his Maker? Shall the clay enquire of the potter, why he formed it thus? Rather let us acknowledge the mercy of our Creator, in concealing from us that which would overpower us by the view. "Were celestial glories exposed to our view," observes the author whom I have just quoted, "did the angelic harmony sound in our enraptured ears, what earthly concerns could have the

power of engaging our attention even for a single moment of our lives? All the studies and pursuits, the arts and labours, which now employ the activity of mankind, would be abandoned in the contemplation of these exquisite enjoyments, of which our minds become impatient to partake."

Such, or nearly similar, are the sentiments of that excellent teacher of Christianity who is now a participator of celestial delights; and who, satisfied with that knowledge of futurity, revealed in the sacred writings, placed his hope of happiness upon the basis of faith. Though the desire of penetrating into futurity may be considered as an instinctive impulse, yet we are sufficiently instructed in the Scriptures to know, that happiness is the promised reward of virtue, and that misery will be the punishment of vice. In relying upon the mercy of an all-gracious Redeemer, and in believing that, through his intercession we are to be saved, we are not to suppose that this salvation, can be accomplished without purity of heart and piety of life. We must do justice, we must love mercy, and we must walk humbly with our God.

In that admirable prayer, with which the church-service commences, we implore forgiveness for having done that we ought not to do, and for omitting to do that which we ought to have done; and it is advisable, at this season in particular, seriously to reflect upon the importance of that confession. Let us steadfastly resolve to avoid those imperfections to which we are by nature or inclination prone; and let us call into action our utmost energies to compensate for the time we have lost. "There is a period in every man's life when he shall be made to stand forth as a real object to his own view; and when that period comes, woe to him who shrinks from the inspection! In the dark and solitary hour of distress, with a mind hurt, and sore from some recent calamity, how shall he bear to have his real character disclosed to him in an humiliating point of view? It is then, that the recollection of the past becomes dreadful! and he beholds, or thinks he beholds, the chastening hand of an offended God!"

Fortunate will it prove, if the hitherto impenitent find the faithful mirror of a reproving conscience presented to their view; for that sacred volume, which denounces vengeance against the impious, informs us, that, though our sins be as red as scarlet, they shall become as white as snow; and the intercessor for our transgressions repeatedly assures us, that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.

Let us then put away evil, and learn to do well; and let us, in this time of deprivation and calamity, commence our reformation by a willing contribution towards the relief of the distressed. If much has not been given, much will not be required from us; but woe to the callous and apathetic, who, without commiseration, can hear of those privations to which thousands of their fellow creatures are compelled to submit; and let them dread that denunciation which will be pronounced against them at the great day of judgment!

The Artifices and Craft of the Superstitious successfully opposed, and detected.

TOWARDS the end of the Greek empire at Constantinople, a general who was an object of suspicion to his master, was urged to undergo the fiery proof of the ordeal, by an archbishop who was a supple courtier. The ceremony was this—Three days before the trial, the patient's arm was to be inclosed in a bag, and secured by the royal signet; he was expected to bear a red hot ball of iron three times from the altar to the rails of the sanctuary, without artifice or injury. The general thus eluded the experiment—"I am a soldier, and will boldly enter the lists with any of my accusers; but a layman, and a sinner like myself, is not endowed with the gift of miracles. Your piety, holy prelate, may deserve the interposition of Heaven, and from your hands I am ready to receive the fiery globe, as a test of my innocence." The archbishop started, the emperor laughed, and the general was pardoned.

THE GOSSIPER, N^o. XXIII.

A FINISHED EDUCATION.

TO THE GOSSIPER.

SIR,

Willowgrove Cottage.

I TRUST you will pardon the liberty I take in seeking to make your entertaining miscellany the vehicle of private complaint, a liberty which I certainly should not have attempted, but under the conviction that you are ever willing to admit any subject that is likely to afford useful hints, or necessary admonition to your fair readers.—But to the purpose of my present address—I am, sir, you must understand, an elderly female, (*old women*, you know, are never heard of now). My property is considerable, and as I was so unfortunate as to lose all my children in infancy, it was my intention to have divided all I might die possessed of between the children of an only sister who was married to a tradesman in middling circumstances. Although I never made this intention known, my sister had her suspicions founded upon the notice I always took of her young ones. My increasing infirmities rendering a country residence most eligible, I quitted London about three years since; my nieces were then at a creditable boarding-school, but their mother, taking advantage of my removal, immediately recalled them, and set about giving them what she called a finished education; a measure which, she knew, I would object to as unnecessary, both on account of the expence, which she could very ill afford, and because I never admired *over accomplished* women. Since my residence here, I have frequently written to invite my nieces to pay me a visit, but was always put off with frivolous excuses; that it was not possible for them to neglect their

studies, as certain masters were engaged, and must be paid, besides loss of time, practice, &c. My sister's letters were, however, always filled with the highest encomiums on her daughters; their taste, their capabilities, their elegance, and the admiration they excited, were her constant theme; and I naturally anticipated much pleasure in their society, and anxiously looked forward to the period when they could be spared to enliven the monotony of a country life. At last the long-wished-for summer arrived, when they were to spend a month with me. June, July, August, passed away, and I began to think I should again be put off. I wrote to know why they were letting the summer pass away, and received for answer, that "Nobody thought of going into the country till September, or the middle of October; that they were extremely anxious to see me, but could not appear vulgar among their acquaintance." Great anxiety indeed, thought I; for I was vexed, as I had suffered the fruit to rot on the trees in saving it for them, besides various other temporary arrangements; however, there were peaches and grapes left, and although the honeysuckle was out of bloom, and the arbour would not be so pleasant to sit and read in, we could have a snug game of cards in-doors. Well, sir, at the time appointed, my nieces arrived; it happened to be a wet and chilly evening, when the post-chaise drove to the door, yet I hurried out to receive them, and my maid, Jenny, waited at the chaise-door to take their band-boxes, &c. The first sound that saluted my ears was the voice of one of my nieces, exclaiming, in accents not very gentle, "Take care, child, you will crush my things to pieces. Does my aunt keep no footman? What an awkward devil you are!" Jenny was as much confounded as myself; for she had been always accustomed to receive orders couched in civil language; and I certainly expected to have been taken some notice of; the young ladies, however, seemed wholly engrossed by taking care of their packages, which were as numerous as if they intended staying a twelvemonth. Having seen all these conveyed into the house, they descended from the carriage,

and rushed, unceremoniously, into the parlour, just as if it had been an inn on the road. If I at first experienced an unpleasant sensation at their manner of speaking, I was not more reconciled when I surveyed their persons; the eldest had indeed a riding habit, and looked comfortable; but the two others, with their flimsy dresses and slouched trowsers, made me absolutely ashamed. "Well, aunt, we have kept our word, you see," said Matilda, as she arranged her head-dress at the glass. "I dare say we are shocking frights—will you let one of the servants assist us to change our dress?"—"I keep only one maid, Matilda, and she will get us a cup of tea; but I will shew you your chamber, if you think it necessary to change; and, indeed," I added, glancing at the trowsers, "I think it will be as well." While the young ladies were attiring themselves, I returned to the parlour, to remove some of the litter they had left; for veils, parasols, scarfs, gloves, and ridicules, were deposited on every chair. Tea was brought in, and the urn had been on the table above an hour before my nieces made their appearance; and then, to my infinite surprise, I found that they had spent all this time, and kept me waiting, while they only *undressed*; bare shoulders, bare bosoms, and bare heads, with petticoats up far beyond the ankle, almost petrified me, and I could not help exclaiming, "Why, my dear girls, you surely do not intend to sit an evening in this manner?"—"La, aunt," replied Susanna, "we are dressed well enough for the country, I should think. Do you expect much company?"—"No, my dear, if I did, I should beg of you to put on your clothes; but, jesting apart, I suppose this is the fashion; you must, however, excuse my saying, that it is a very indelicate one, and one which, I think, neither suits your station in life, nor your present residence with plain country people." The girls looked at each other, and muttered something about old people, and humdrum villages, where nobody knew how to dress. But this was not all; for I was doomed to experience nothing but disappointment and mortification in this visit of my nieces. All my comforts were destroyed by their pertness and absurd

airs. They kept me waiting breakfast till nine o'clock, though my usual hour is half past seven. After that, I was annoyed by the noise of one or the other practising upon my old harpsichord, which they, nevertheless, declared was a most execrable thing, and instead of social chat, they were lounging about, reading novels, of which they had brought down an ample collection. I have, with the usual regularity of age, accustomed myself to one particular seat, this, if I quit the room for ten minutes, I am sure to find occupied without any regard to my convenience. In short, sir, I find that these young women, with their finished education, have acquired so much impudence, affectation, and selfishness, that I am already heartily sick of their company.

Talents which, by judicious employment, might be made conducive to the pleasure of those with whom they have intercourse, are thus deprived of their value, nay, even rendered disgusting. To the deference due to age, to that refined good breeding which teaches a modest submission to the habits of those with whom we associate, or under whose roof we are received with hospitality, to that mildness and urbanity which teach kindness to dependants, these young ladies are perfect strangers; in fact, it forms no part in the system of modern education—Of what avail is all the rest? But how, you will ask, did these girls acquire such notions? I will tell you, sir;—by the foolish pride of their mother, who has suffered them to associate with young persons in a higher rank of life, and by the ostentation of wishing her girls to appear as well dressed as other people; while those very persons only suffer their acquaintance that they may the more readily get into their father's books: this proves the ruin of half the tradesmen, and of half the tradesmen's daughters also. Thus girls receive an expensive education, which unfits them for domestic life. Should there be a prospect of their being left destitute, the pretence is, that they are qualified for becoming governesses; but if we notice the daily prints, we shall find that, like the East India husband hunter, the governess market is already overstocked. I shall now conclude this letter, in which I have drawn

largely on your patience, by begging some of your more able correspondents to enrich your pages with some serious advice to parents on this subject; for it is evident that, as Rousseau says, "Young masters and misses now take more readily on them to speak, to ask questions, to interrupt grown persons in their discourse, to contradict, and to be troublesome to every person they come near. All this, it is said, tends to form them; I grant it forms them to be very impertinent, and of all the things they learn, by these means, this is the only one they never forget." As far as regards my neices, I can only say that, unless they alter their manners, I must make an alteration in my will. Music, dancing, drawing, and the languages, may have their advantages, and prove pleasing acquisitions, provided they are not cultivated to the exclusion of more necessary qualifications, or to the manifest injury of people's circumstances; but it is neither necessary nor agreeable for young ladies to stun and annoy others by six hours' strumming on an instrument, to jabber French or Italian together before people who, they know, do not understand it, and who may naturally say with Scrub, "*They must be talking about me, for they laughed consumedly.*" And as for dancing, sir, in my days, the graceful minuet, the healthful country dance, gave ease and elegance to the carriage, and vigour to the frame; but now, the study of attitude is all, and a young lady can have no pretensions to dancing well, unless she can waltz with the voluptuous indecency of a foreign courtesan, or exhibit her limbs in the agile movements of a rope-dancer! Shame, shame! where is thy blush? But I have done, sir; all that I can say will avail nothing, I fear; it is from your sex that our's is most likely to receive salutary admonition; for it is you they seek to captivate by this display, and it rests with you to tell them, whether they are likely to succeed.

I remain, Sir, your obedient Servant,
and constant Reader,

MARTHA HOMESPUN.

THE

NARRATION OF AGLAÛS,

THE ARCADIAN.

(Continued from page 326, Vol. IV.)

"THUS, continued the pontiff, Japis and his father arrived in this isle. They went to the temple of Hemithée; and we know no more concerning them."

We were much affected at this recital; and eager to go to the temple of Hemithée. The wished-for moment at length arrived: we were conducted to a solitary abode, where we were to be initiated into these astonishing mysteries. The temple is situated upon the bank of a river, called the *Waters of the Sun*; whose origin is extraordinary and divine.

Staphylus, the son of Bacchus, of Erigonè, received from Bacchus some goat-skin bottles which contained excellent wine, a liquor newly invented. One day, Staphylus, going a hunting, desired his two daughters to wait for him at the entrance of the cavern of Anoste; and commanded them to take great care of these goat-skin bottles, filled with this delicious beverage. The two sisters fell asleep; and when they awoke, could not find the goat-skin bottles which had been deposited in their hands. They feared his displeasure so much, that they were going to throw themselves into the gulf of the cavern; when Apollo, who loved Parthenie, saved them. He transported Molpadie to Bubaste, where she has her temple and her altars; and Parthenie to the isle of Panchaia*; where the god gave her the

* Diodorus, of Sicily, says to Castabe. We find in this author the whole of this account nearly as it is here related. It is also found, more concisely expressed, in the Mythological Dictionary.

name of Hemithée. In memory of her adventure, wine only, mixed with honey, is presented to the deess*. Since this time, by the power of Apollo, all those who throw themselves into the gulf of Anoste with the golden reed, are miraculously saved; a favour that the god grants to pure and innocent souls only. Apollo wished that the river upon the shores of which is raised the temple of Hemithée, should be henceforth called the *Waters of the Sun*. While bathing in these waters, he purified them, changed their appearance, and gave them supernatural virtues: a delicious perfume, which o'erspreads the air, is exhaled from them; and they have the savour of the odoriferous honey of Mount Himette, and of the wine of Naxos. These consecrated waters are more transparent than chrystal; the rain never disturbs the limpidity of them: they gently flow over a silver sand, as brilliant as mother-of-pearl; dazzling swans are constantly seen swimming upon these peaceful waves; their happy shores are covered with majestic trees, shrubs, and flowers; the lotus, the laurel, and the heliotrope, grow there in abundance. But not content with so many wonders, Apollo has given to the waters of the sun the miraculous virtue of making those young again, who, arrived in the isle by the gulf of Anoste with the golden reed, should bathe in, and drink of them. These beneficent waters gradually restore to youth again; and, retrograding, we pass again through every age of life we left behind; from old age, we return to maturity, and thence to youth; in which we are fixed by a happy immortality; unless before returning to this happy epoch, a senseless impatience should cause us to articulate the wish of attaining it without retrograding; that is to say, without delay. This sad desire must not be in thought, but a wish, expressed aloud:—the old man who should thus wish, would immediately be in the bloom of youth; but immortality would be lost to him; then he would by degrees relapse from youth to the earlier periods of existence, till he lost all remembrance of the past; afterwards

* Vide the Mythological Dictionary.

he would decline towards infancy, and go through every degree of it, till at length he came to the instant of his birth, and lastly to death!"

Thus did the priestess of the temple of Hemithée unveil all those mysteries which can only be explained, as I have already said, to the favourites of Apollo, admitted into the isle through the abyss of the cavern of Anoste; and furnished with the golden reed: without these conditions, the waters of the sun give neither immortality, nor youth.

The priestess ordered us to go to the temple of Hemithée, where I deposited the golden reed. In this temple is seen, on one side of the statue of the goddess, an altar of porphyry, raised to the Hours, Eunomie, Dice, and Irene, who preside over the life of man, and caution him, by their three names, that nothing but order, justice, and peace*, can make him happy. After having offered our sacrifices, we were conducted by the priestess to the banks of the river, from which we were to derive immortality!—How shall I be able to express what I felt, when plunging with Calysphire into these miraculous waters! O Calysphire, cried I, raised to the rank of demi-gods, we shall then acquire the divine power of ever loving each other!—Here it is pleasing to renew the oaths of Hymen: the pitiless scythe of time will not sever the sacred bond which unites us; and fidelity, more holy to us than to all the other inhabitants of the earth, prepares us numberless ages of peace and happiness.—Ah! answered Calysphire, I shall then take again that beauty which charmed thee;—every day carried away a grace, and every day will bring one back again. How the rapid and murderous march of the inexorable Saturn, who caused me so much terror, will for a long time be retarded! How much shall I harass him with my secret vows! No, Calysphire, resumed I, we will wait in security the happy return of youth. This retrograde circle is much longer to me; and I shall run over it in perfect tran-

* This is the signification of these three Greek names.

quillity; impatience in us would be only the most guilty ingratitude towards the gods. At these severe words, Calysphire protested that, from the bottom of her soul, her sentiments were entirely conformable to mine; and this manner of thinking appeared to me so simple and so natural, that I doubted it not.

On coming out of the bath, we received a golden cup from the hands of the priestess, filled with the river water. This cup, the immortal work of Vulcan, was that which Hebe had made use of to serve the gods with nectar. The goddess of youth, after her fall and disgrace, refused to give it up to the beautiful Ganymede; but Apollo obtained it of her, and consecrated it in the temple of Hemithée. Although the waters of the sun will only restore to youth by insensible degrees, yet this bath and this divine beverage immediately give tranquillity of mind, and a physical force which frees for ever from the burthensomeness and infirmities of old age. If I had not looked at my appearance in this pure water, I was sufficiently agile on coming out of the bath to make me believe that I had recovered my youth.

The priestess having informed us, that after all these prodigies, it was prescribed to leave the isle without delay, and to depart by the first vessel which set sail, we embarked the next day, in a vessel which was going to Parrhasia. These people, governed by a king, celebrated holy games, in which the women disputed the prize of beauty. Cypselus instituted these fêtes. Hérodice, wife of this prince, obtained the first victory*; the most beautiful women of Greece and Asia ran in crowds to these games; where a single beauty only was to be crowned. The vessel in which we were obliged to embark carried twelve young females of the isle Panchaïa, who were going to these games in hopes of obtaining the crown of myrtle and roses, a brilliant and fragile prize, like the vain-glory that these young islanders envied. These choice beauties of Panchaïa had

* Elie

the freshness of youth; but their features wanted delicacy and regularity. Calysphire examined them with surprise. Do you believe, said she, that, without waiting the beneficent effect of the waters of the sun, precisely as I now am, I am not more beautiful than these young girls? Dear Calysphire, answered I, it may still be seen that you have been a thousand times more beautiful; but (I can now tell you so without hurting you) nothing in this way can supply the lustre of youth; even the rose, if it had lost its freshness, would not obtain the preference over the simplest flower of the field.—So then, replied Calysphire, you prefer these young females to me.—What do you say? O heaven! I prefer any other woman to Calysphire! Ah! though I knew not that you will one day recover all your beauty, the sole remembrance of the past would ever render you in my eyes the most perfect of all creatures; besides, it was not your enchanting person alone that delighted me, your mental qualities particularly attached me; and the waters of the sun have rendered them more pure and beautiful. Aglaüs, replied Calysphire, deeply sighing, it is however true that you deceived me; I still thought of being agreeable to you, and see I imposed upon myself.

I regarded this caprice and this kind of vexation of Calysphire only as testimonies of the most affecting sensibility. I loved her the more for it; and this conversation, far from impairing my happiness, completed it.

We arrived at Parrhasia the evening before the celebration of the games. Calysphire absolutely wished to see these brilliant fêtes. I consented, though with a painful presentiment, for which it was impossible to assign any reason.

(To be continued.)

SOCRATES AND EURIPIDES.

SOCRATES said to Euripides, upon being asked by that poet, how he liked the writings of Heraclitus—"What I understand is excellent, which inclines me to believe that what I do not understand is excellent likewise."

THE PEDESTRIAN.

TALE IV.

"No one knows where the shoe pinches, but those who wear it."

THOUGH the fashionably refined, or the cynically fastidious, may despise the quotations of maxims, yet, like the renowned Mr. Sancho, I think they often answer an admirable purpose, a sort of *multum in parvo*, conveying a fund of information in a small compass.

As I do not tramp about the country in search of Adventures, like a pedlar endeavouring to dispose of his goods, I pass over a variety of what may be termed every-day incidents, culling only those which, I trust, may afford instruction or entertainment*. Though I announced myself as a gentleman of a very taciturn propensity, I would not have it supposed that I am incapable of deriving pleasure from friendly association; for I would actually walk from York to London for the gratification of such intellectual enjoyment. In the expectation of this rational pleasure, I, about three weeks ago, set out upon a ramble to my friend Mrs. Clavering's†, with whom I have kept up an occasional correspondence, since the melancholy event which introduced Matilda to her acquaintance.

At what distance from the focus of fashion the truly estimable Mrs. Clavering's abode is, can be of very little consequence to my Readers, yet I think it necessary to say, that it is sufficient to compel me to sleep two nights upon the road. As frequent association made the path a beaten one, I took up my quarters at a house of entertainment,

* See the first tale of the Pedestrian, page 41, January, 1815.

† The character of Mrs. Clavering is described in the same Number.

where the eccentricities of my character were perfectly known; and the window of the bar being open, I heard my landlady exclaim to her daughter, "As I live, here comes the silent gentleman! Run directly, Lucy, and dust out the brown room."

Though completely aware of the singularity of my disposition, yet, at the moment, I felt provoked at the appellation, and resolved to convince my hostess I could talk as rapidly as the most voluble of her sex. With this determination, I walked into the Three Kings, and instead of immediately desiring to be shewn into a quiet apartment, entered into conversation with my landlady respecting the variable state of the weather. This was touching a string which, of all others, was calculated to set the organ of speech afloat, as I had previously understood that her husband rented about two hundred acres.

"Weather, sir!" she exclaimed, "why we shall all be ruined! God only knows what could induce my husband to take a farm; for, as you may suppose, a house of this description is enough for one pair of eyes to look *arter*."

"Well, but a husband has two pair, you know, Mrs. Maurice," I replied, smiling, "and whilst he is in the field, you are looking after the domestic concerns; and I should conceive, on a road where there is so much posting, it is an admirable plan for an innkeeper to have a farm."

"Posting, indeed!" rejoined my landlady; "yes, sir, but they are all posting the contrary road; and instead of the gentlefolks spending the summer at their country seats, as they used to do, they must all forsooth go to France! God forgive me for saying so, but I wish Boney would come back, and make them all prisoners."

"That wish does not appear likely to benefit the trade of posting, Mrs. Maurice."—"At any rate, sir, it would put a stop to it," rejoined Mrs. Maurice, "and prevent folks from spending all their ready money in foreign countries, whilst honest tradesmen in their own are starving, and the labouring poor destitute of employment."

For the sake of argument, I observed, that the poor

seldom derived occupation from gentlemen of landed property, but manufacturers or agriculturists. "Why, lord bless ye, sir! to my certain knowledge there used to be twelve or fourteen hands employed at Sir George Huntley's, only in keeping up the gardens, and weeding and trimming the shrubberies; and for the last two summers, Sir George has only allowed his gardener two men under him. Then, when my lady was down, she used to do a world of kindness. There was not a cottager's family for three or four miles round, that she did not visit. And as for skim-milk and vegetables, the poor might have for fetching. For my part, I am sure I have reason to rue the day that we made peace with the French; for Huntley Hall used to be crowded with company, and their horses and carriages were always sent to the Three Kings; but, Lord bless ye, sir, no one knows where the shoes pinches, but them that wear it."

As Mrs. Maurice made this declaration, her husband entered the apartment, and corroborated his wife's assertions, lamenting there was not a heavy fine levied upon every person who went to Paris. "No longer ago, sir," said he, "than last Monday se'nnight, I took a bill of fifteen pounds to a gentleman, which had been two years standing, which I entreated him to settle, as I had some very heavy payments; he desired me to call the next evening, faithfully promising to discharge it; but about two hours before the time appointed, I received a note, informing me, he had been invited to accompany a friend in a tour to Paris, and consequently should want his ready money to defray his travelling expences."

I fear there are too many industrious tradesmen in a similar predicament to poor Maurice; and, was I at the head of the legislature, I would levy a heavy tax upon every individual who, from idle curiosity, crossed the channel. Having said sufficient to convince my landlady I was not totally destitute of conversational abilities, I requested to be shewn into my accustomed room; and after an excellent

night's rest, fortified with a good breakfast on the following morning, resumed my peregrination.

That distress which Mrs. Maurice asserted to exist amongst the labouring poor in her neighbourhood, I had the mortification of perceiving was actually general; for in cottages where I had been accustomed to behold content and sufficiency, I saw nothing but pictures of poverty and wretchedness! To the unfavourableness of a season which the husbandman annually looks forward to as the means of laying up a little store for sickness or necessity, this appearance may doubtless, in some measure, be attributed; yet the greater evil proceeds from the total want of employment for naval and military men. In one cottager's family alone, who resides about two miles from Mrs. Clavering's, the truth of this observation was strikingly exemplified; for no less than three of the sons, who have for the last eight or nine years been fighting for their country, are now half starving for want of employment. This distress arises not from idleness, but from total want of occupation; the whole family are remarkable for integrity, industry, and regularity of habits, yet a scene of greater poverty and wretchedness, thank God, it has seldom been my fate to witness. In making this declaration, I wish my readers to understand, that I am not alluding to those scenes of extreme wretchedness, where vice combined with poverty, hides its "diminished head;" but I mean to confine my description to the cottage of an industrious peasant, accustomed by his daily labour to supply his family's necessities. This cottage had, for years past, attracted my attention for the peculiar order and utility of the little garden which ran parallel with it; the pigs, in a small inclosure detached from the garden, looked fat and sleeky, and even their sty presented a pattern of cleanliness.

Mrs. Johnson's pork, for that is the name of the poor woman, was, by all the neighbouring gentry, held in high request; and my friend Mrs. Clavering, often, as a Christmas present, treated me with a sparerib. In passing a spot

which I had so frequently contemplated with pleasurable emotion, my attention was attracted by perceiving the fence had been removed which had confined the sovereignty of the pigs; and even the little garden struck me as not having been well cultivated.

Whilst gazing upon an alteration which gave a sudden turn to my feelings, a young man issued from the cottage in a sailor's jacket; and it instantly occurred to me, that the house was occupied by fresh inhabitants. Upon enquiring whether the industrious pair who had so long occupied the humble habitation, had removed to any other place of residence, the young man replied, "No, not yet, sir, but I fear they will soon be forced to go to the parish."

His look, and tone of voice, as he expressed this apprehension, I am persuaded I never shall forget. Without making any reply, I opened the little wicket, and unceremoniously walked into the cottage. Stretched upon three chairs, tied together to form a sofa, I beheld the industrious mistress of the humble dwelling pale and emaciated; her eldest son, whom I knew had been a soldier, was sitting beside her, and endeavouring to persuade her to swallow a little gruel. The shelves over the dresser, which had shone with pewter of a silvery brightness, were now totally deserted; in short, an apartment which had formerly struck me as furnished with every thing that was useful, appeared entirely dismantled.

I hope it was not mere curiosity which prompted me to enquire into an appearance so wholly unexpected. The young soldier, with a deep sigh, said, "Sir, if you'll please to walk into the garden, I'll tell you all about it." I arose spontaneously, and the young man followed me, where I heard a tale which harrowed up my feelings; for I discovered that the little savings of thirty years' industry and frugality, had been expended in endeavouring to bring to justice a titled villain.

The seduction of his only daughter was the prelude to poor Johnson's misfortunes; and as there were circumstances attending it of peculiar notoriety and wickedness, he was led to believe that the destroyer of his happiness would be

compelled to make the child of his affection completely independent. Gold, however, that baneful corrupter of integrity, was circulated with such profusion amongst the witnesses, upon whose testimony the unhappy father had depended, that, instead of even obtaining pecuniary satisfaction, he was compelled to pay his own expences.

The unhappy victim of a lawless passion, who had actually been forced into a connexion which she detested, unable to support the anguish of her feelings, sunk into the grave in less than six months after the trial. From that moment, the ill-fated mother of the luckless Peggy lost the power of making the slightest effort to procure even the common necessities of existence, and a stupefying torpor overwhelmed all her faculties. As the hard-earned savings of honest industry were scarcely sufficient to defray the law expences, the pigs and poultry were obliged to be sold to answer the additional charges attending sickness. The young men returned; occupation could not be procured for them; and in a short time they became a dead weight upon the hands of their industrious parents!

Such was the mournful tale I heard from the young soldier; but how shall I convey to the imagination of my readers the varying turns in his expressive countenance, whilst painting the sufferings of his afflicted parents, and the cruel artifices which had been practised upon the object of his tenderness! He informed me, his second brother was that day gone to offer himself to an East India captain, whom he had heard was in want of a servant. In short, that they were all willing to undertake the most menial employment rather than be a burthen upon their parents.

This is no imaginary tale, with high-wrought colouring, but an atrocious fact which has recently occurred; yet the wretch who has been the cause of misery so unparalleled, is received in society, and apparently admired!

CAMBODIAN HALL;

OR,

LAW AND LICENTIOUSNESS.

(Continued from page 315, Vol. IV.)

PART II.

THOUGH Mr. Jeremy Jackal's countenance displayed the mortification of his feelings, that of his imaginary coadjutress exulted with self-consequence; and to add to the complete destruction of all his air-built speculations, she said, in reply to Mr. Arcot's assertion, that she would explain the business to Miss Stanhope. "We will talk that affair over, my dear sir, if you please in private."

My dear sir, to the haughty lord of the Cambodian mansion! Oh! temerity, amounting to unprecedented insolence! Yet the gracious smile with which the familiar epithet was sanctioned, imported volumes of information to the astonished lawyer's senses; he had, it is true, observed an alarming alteration in Mrs. Wilkins's manners on several occasions towards himself; but of her mode of behaviour to the lord of Cambodian hall, he had but few opportunities of judging, as whenever he transacted business with its imperious master, the lady had generally taken that opportunity of walking out with her pupils. After a momentary pause, the patron informed the patronized, that, as he must set out on his embassy the following morning, he in all probability might have some private business to settle; therefore the letter should be sent to him. "And, mark me, sir," added the haughty Arcot, "the lady you are going to wait upon was born to brighter prospects, though now, unfortunately, compelled to exert her various talents. I merely mention this circumstance, however, that you may not be deficient in politeness." The latter part of

the speech was delivered in a jocose accent; but the former, in that dictatorial style to which the generality of nabobs accustom themselves.

Desirous as Mr. Jeremy Jackal was of obtaining a private interview with the object of his suspicion, he was too complete an adept in the art of passive obedience towards his superiors to express his feelings; therefore, with a profound bow to the lord of Cambodian Hall, and a distant one to the designing being whom he foresaw was endeavouring to become the lady of it, he respectfully retired from their presence. "Fool! idiot, that I have been!" he exclaimed, striking his forehead, "to have fostered a serpent who is endeavouring to destroy me with its sting! My dear sir, indeed! Oh! the designing hypocrite! But I will lay her whole history open to him—by all the gods, I will!—Hold there, Mr. Jeremy!" he added, in a more cautious accent, and gazing fearfully around, under the dread that some person might have heard him. "Alas! alas! by exposing the vile traitress, I bring ruin upon this devoted head!"

I will not shock my reader's feelings by describing the volume of execrations which burst from Mr. Jackal's lips, when the letter which Mrs. Wilkins had promised to send for him to present to Miss Stanhope, was delivered in a blank cover, without one line to himself. Upon examining the letter, another source of vexation struck him, for the arms of his patron sealed it; an additional proof, not only of familiarity, but actual friendship. Of those arms, however, the trusty steward had long been in possession, and had used them for various under-hand purposes with the possessor's humble tenants; and he instantly therefore resolved to convert them to the satisfying a curiosity which had become insupportable. A knife was warmed, the impression yielded, and the following unsatisfactory disclosure, instead of gratifying curiosity, seemed rather calculated to increase astonishment—

"In my former letter, dear Miss Stanhope, I assured you I would do every thing in my power to aid your wishes,

little imagining at that time, I should have the satisfaction of offering you an asylum in this truly magnificent abode. The anxiety attending the superintendence of such a princely establishment, I then informed you, unfitted me for the task of tuition; yet judgment having whispered the arbitrary disposition of Asiatics, I resolved to weigh circumstances well, before I suggested the shadow of an objection. A serious, though I most anxiously hope, not a dangerous indisposition, has for several weeks affected the truly worthy Mr. Arcot, and my time has consequently been so much devoted to him, that I have been compelled to neglect the dear children. The poor sufferer, my dear Miss Stanhope, has been ordered to Cheltenham, to which place he does not wish to take my little pupils, as you may naturally suppose the volatility of children exhaust the spirits of an invalid. With the unfortunate alteration in your circumstances, and the blighted prospects of your youth, my dear madam, Mr. Arcot has been made acquainted, and desires me to offer you the protection of his daughters, at whatever salary you may think proper to specify, when you see him.

"Pardon me for taking the liberty of enclosing a twenty-pound bill, conceiving it may not be convenient for you to purchase a few necessary articles of dress; and which you can repay me, whenever you find it convenient.

"Mr. Jackal, an agent, and eminent attorney, in the neighbouring town of ———, will have the pleasure of delivering this letter, and escorting you, my dear Miss Stanhope, to

Your very sincere friend,

CATHERINE WILKINS."

Though there was nothing in this letter to elucidate the plans of Mrs. Wilkins, yet it was evident, there were no deceptions forming between Miss Stanhope and herself; and though he had doubted, whether the former was a female of respectability, he now felt convinced of it, still the conviction gave an additional proof of the latter's artifice, as it clearly appeared she had imposed upon her young friend.

Though Mr. Jeremy Jackal had never entered into the holy state of matrimony, yet it was not from personal indifference to the sex; for few could vie with him in schemes for seduction, though the influence of all-powerful gold had checked the propagation of them. The idea, therefore, of accompanying a beautiful young woman in a tête-à-tête journey of fifty miles, to a man of gallantry, presented at least a pleasing perspective; and after a little mature reflection, quieted the irritability of his feelings. As a client of this country chancellor happened to call upon him in the course of the evening, who intended accompanying his daughter to the metropolis on the following day, it was determined a post-chaise should convey the party, instead of that vulgar vehicle known by the appellation of a stage.

Having parted from his fellow travellers at the White Horse in Fetter-Lane, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and regaled his appetite with a broiled haddock and rumpsteak, Mr. Jackal set out on his embassy, resolving to invite Miss Stanhope to accompany him to the play. Upon enquiring whether the young lady was at home, he was answered in the affirmative, but informed, if he had any business, he must explain it to the landlady, as Miss Stanhope had made a point of not seeing any gentleman, since she came from the country. "And a d—d prudish point it is, I think, madam," said the disappointed lawyer; "however, you will have the goodness, I suppose, to deliver that letter to the invisible lady, informing her, I shall take a few glasses of wine at the Hummums, and call again in a short time."

Various were the sensations which occupied the mind of the fair reader of the epistle; and though joy at the prospect of meeting with a comfortable establishment prevailed, yet, notwithstanding Mrs. Wilkins had in various instances displayed an attachment to her, there was a something in that lady's manners she could not altogether like, and the idea of being upon terms of intimacy with her gave an unpleasant sensation to her sensitive mind. Mrs. Jackson, which was the name of the landlady, either had, or pre-

tended to have, a very high opinion of Mrs. Wilkins's character; and consequently used a variety of arguments to induce Miss Stanhope to accept the offered employ; and before Mr. Jeremy returned, it had been determined to invite him into Mrs. Jackson's back parlour, and offer him the refreshment of a cup of tea.

Though diffidence evidently marked the character of Miss Stanhope, yet it was so completely blended with native dignity, that had she been placed in the most abject situation, her manners must have repelled freedom and familiarity. Mr. Jeremy had predetermined to rally that which he had termed prudery, but the first moment of introduction put the intention to flight; and though purposing to be familiar, he became respectful, whilst the plan of inviting her to the play vanished from his mind.

Though Miss Stanhope felt the kindness of Mrs. Wilkins's intention in enclosing the sum specified, yet a certain refinement of feeling revolted at the idea of being pecuniarily obliged by a person with whom she had never been in habits of intimacy, and for whom she neither felt affection nor esteem; but, in fact, her wardrobe was too amply furnished to require that addition Mrs. W. had surmised. After the usual conversation of weather and amusements, Mr. Jeremy begged leave to enquire, when he was to have the honour of conducting Miss Stanhope to his patron's seat; and appeared delighted at hearing she should be ready to accompany him on the following day.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, ma'am, I assure you," said Jeremy. "Unexpected!" repeated Miss Stanhope, in a tone of surprise. "What I mean, ma'am, is, that I thought some little time might be necessary to purchase millinery, and those kind of things."—"There would be few milliners," rejoined the young lady, "even in this focus of taste and elegance, if no one gave them greater encouragement than myself."—"Oh! loveliness," exclaimed Mr. Jackal, "requires not the aid of ornament!"

The gravity which overspread the amiable girl's counte-

nance, convinced him that common-place compliments would lose their effect, and during the remainder of his visit, he resolved to avoid them; and nine o'clock on the following morning having been fixed upon for their departure, he took a respectful leave of Miss Stanhope and her more humble friend.

(To be continued.)

DR. JOHNSON.

It is said, that Dr. Johnson was very willing in giving literary assistance; and innumerable were the prefaces, sermons, lectures, and dedications, which he used to write for those who asked it of him. One day, Mr. Murphy, in the presence of Mr. Thrale, joked him upon the subject, and likewise in being so busy then between Dodd's sermon and Kelly's prologue; the Doctor replied, "Why, sir, when they come to me with a dead stay-maker, and a dying parson, what can a man do?" But, however, he afterwards said, "I hate to give away literary performances, or even to sell them too cheaply; the next generation shall not accuse me of beating down the price of literature: one hates, besides, ever to give that which one has been accustomed to sell; would not you, sir, (turning to Mr. Thrale) rather give away money than porter?"

GEORGE PEELE.

GEORGE PEELE, a celebrated poet, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, having once eluded the search of some bailiffs by means of a baker's pie-board, the circumstance was introduced in a play, called "The Puritan," and a baker's board, on which he carries pies to his oven, was in consequence, and is to this day, called a peelee.

WIFE AND NO WIFE;**A ROMANCE.**

(Continued from page 338, Vol. IV.)

VIRGINIA passed a sleepless night; for a succession of vague ideas floated in her mind, and jealous fears for the first time predominated, though she condemned herself for suffering the idle prattle of a child to give birth to suspicions so slightly founded as those which now took possession of her thoughts. She rose early, and waited with impatience the arrival of her little guest, having previously prepared a basket in which she had deposited various nourishing and cordial articles, for the use of the unfortunate sufferer.

Her little guide arrived at the appointed time; Virginia was ready to accompany her; and as soon as Annette had rested herself, they departed together. The morning being rather chilly, Virginia had thrown on a scarlet mantle, which unluckily attracted the notice of a vicious bull, which was in a field they had to cross; Virginia being absorbed in thought, did not regard the menacing posture of the ferocious animal, until her companion, with a shriek of terror, cried out, "Run, lady, run, the bull is going to fly at us." Virginia, turning her head, immediately perceived her danger, and would have fled, but extreme terror deprived her of motion, and she must have fallen a victim to the furious creature's fierce attack, had not a person at that instant leaped over the hedge, and, with a well-directed blow, struck the bull between the horns with the but-end of his fowling-piece. Stunned for a moment, he fell to the ground, when, fearful of his soon rising to renew the attack, the gentleman caught Virginia and her screaming companion in his arms, and with them mounted a high gate, depositing them safely on the other side. Apparently secure from further danger, Virginia turned to express her gratitude for his prompt and timely assistance, when, for the first time,

she recognized Angerstein! The adventure had been so sudden, the alarm so great, that she had not before raised her eyes to those of her deliverer. Angerstein received her animated thanks with evident pleasure, expressed the joy he felt at being in the way to serve her, enquired the object of her morning excursion. Virginia slightly hinted that she was about to visit the father of one of her domestics. "I am happy," said Angerstein, with energy, "to find that a town life has not rendered you insensible to the sufferings of the poor cottager; it is a trait in your character that I might indeed have expected, but which I never before had an opportunity of witnessing." Virginia hung her head; praise was at that moment painful to her; for she knew that charity was not then the only motive by which she was actuated. "How is it," resumed Angerstein, "that I never meet either of the gentlemen in my walks or rides?—you must be a great monopolizer to engross so much of their time." "They are in town at present," replied Virginia; and then, as if fearful of being further questioned, she turned to Annette, and enquired how far they were distant from her father's residence. Annette pointed to the humble dwelling, which was not many paces distant; and Angerstein, taking the hint, bowed respectfully, and retired. Annette, stepping lightly forward, announced the visitor to her mother, who received her with every demonstration of respect, though surprise was evidently mixed with her salutations. "How is your husband now?" Virginia enquired. "He is somewhat easier now, my lady, I thank you; but, indeed, I must beg your ladyship's pardon for being so bold as to send after things, which I should not have done, had I known your ladyship was quite a stranger." "I have already learned from your little girl," returned Virginia, "that I am not the person you expected to find at Belle Vue House; be so good as to tell me how this mistake has arisen." "Why, indeed, my lady, all I can tell you amounts to no more than this—About a twelvemonth ago, we heard that Belle Vue House was let, and that some foreign outlandish people were coming to live in it. Well, we thought no

more of the matter, till one day a gentleman and lady walking past, noticed our children, who were playing about before the door. Poor Susan was talking to the younger ones with her fingers, in a way they all understood, and the lady seemed to understand it too, for she immediately began to question her; and then, turning to me, she asked if I had a mind to put the girl out to service. I said, I should be glad to do so, but feared nobody would take her. She said, her being deaf and dumb would not be any hindrance to her, but she would take her, and do well for her. So, sure enough, Susan went to Belle Vue House, and there she has been ever since; and I never knew till yesterday, not I, but that she still lived with the same lady." "Did you not hear of my arrival about three weeks since?" asked Virginia. "I knew that some carriages came to Belle Vue about that time," returned the dame; "but I thought they brought company to the donna." "This is strange indeed!" said Virginia. "What sort of a person was the gentleman who was with her when she took Susan to live with her?" "A tall stout elderly gentleman, with a very stern look, and haughty way of speaking." "That must be Don Lopez," Virginia inadvertently exclaimed. "Aye! that is the very name, I declare," replied the dame. "And did you never see a younger gentleman with her, one they call Sebastian?" "No, I never saw him; but I have heard from an old woman who lived there at first, that her master's son was coming down, and that was his name." "And have you no idea whether the lady was single or married?" "None in the world; I never asked any questions, for I saw Susan very seldom, and she seemed very happy, and the donna was always making us kind presents, and sending us good things, so we thought it was a lucky thing for poor Sue; but really now your ladyship must be joking, when you say you do not know the donna." "I can assure you, I never heard of such a person, and can hardly credit what you have advanced; however, I will question Susan, and see whether I can make any thing out from her information; whoever the person is, she must be amiable, as her benevolence to you fully evinces."

Having completed her errand, by making the poor people an acceptable present, Virginia quitted the cottage, and proceeded homeward. She had not advanced far on her way, before she perceived Angerstein; he was evidently waiting her return; but as he did not make any attempt to join her, she justly concluded that he merely watched her steps to protect her from any impending danger: the delicacy and generosity so conspicuous in this line of conduct, was felt by Virginia with a secret sensation of pleasure, but her mind was agitated by too many harassing ideas to dwell long on the subject; and when she reached home, she immediately summoned Susan into her presence, and to the best of her ability, made her understand what she wished to learn. To her first interrogation, whether the donna was still in the neighbourhood, Susan gave answer in the affirmative. The next was a demand to know the exact place of her residence. "I must not tell," was the concise answer. "By whom are you forbidden?" "By Don Lopez." "Is the donna his wife?" "No." "Is she related to him?" "I believe she is." "How related?" "I cannot tell." "Is she Sebastian's wife?" "I do not know who you mean." Virginia was still more astonished. "Did you never see Sebastian, Don Lopez's son?" "Never." "Nor hear the donna speak of him?" "No." "Did Don Lopez and the donna occupy the same apartment?" "I am sure they did not." "Then you think she was a good and virtuous lady?" "That I do." "You know more than you choose to tell, I see, child," said Virginia, affecting displeasure. "Suppose I should discharge you for your obstinacy?" "I should be sorry, but the donna would take care of me." Virginia found it impossible to draw any more from Susan, who was too faithful, or too cunning, to betray her trust; and she waited impatiently the return of Don Lopez, being determined to speak her mind freely to him, and let him know, that she suspected the incognita to be more closely connected with Sebastian than was consistent with her interest. Sometimes it seemed to her probable that he had been previously married, and might, for sinister purposes, have confined the unfortunate victim in some unfre-

quented part of the spacious residence she now inhabited ; yet the imprudence of such a measure was obvious, and almost counteracted the idea.

After an absence of about ten days, Don Lopez returned, and brought with him the pleasing intelligence that he had seen Sebastian : for a moment, Virginia forgot her suspicions. "Is he well?" she enquired eagerly. "Perfectly so," was the reply. "And will he consent to my accompanying him abroad?" "I told him how anxiously you desired it, and at length overruled his objections." Virginia was about to utter an exclamation of joy, when suddenly recollecting herself, her brow became clouded with sadness. "How is this, madam?" enquired Don Lopez, surveying her with one of his scrutinizing glances. "You appear to hesitate; has Mr. Angerstein used any persuasive arguments to cause an alteration in your wishes?" "Mr. Angerstein!" repeated Virginia, surprised at the inference; and wondering how he knew of their recent interview; then calling to mind the contents of Sebastian's letter, she made no doubt of his having employed some spy to watch her in his absence. "Yes, madam; you do not intend to deny that you have met, I presume?" "Certainly I do not, sir; but your insinuation is rather insulting. I perceive that you regard me with a suspicious eye; persons capable of duplicity themselves are ever prone to mistrust others." "Speak out, madam; I dislike innuendos." "Well then, Don Lopez, I will candidly tell you, that I have been informed of a lady being secreted somewhere near my residence, whose connexion with you, or Sebastian, is wrapped in mystery." A sarcastic smile played on the countenance of Don Lopez, as he replied, "I was fully prepared for your making this important discovery, my dear lady, but the mystery is entirely of your own creating." "How so, sir? Is not her place of concealment kept a secret from me, though previously to my arrival, she was considered the mistress of this mansion?" "It is very true, my dear; the lady you allude to is related to me, she came with us to England, and kindly assisted in preparing every thing for your reception and accommodation here; that done, she

found a residence for herself, where she wished to remain secluded from society; her reasons for this desire, I have no right to divulge, neither have you to enquire into them." "How so, sir? May I not form conjectures injurious to my peace?" "You may, certainly, if you choose to torment yourself with romantic folly; but I expected better from you. Set your mind at ease, Virginia; your suspicions are wholly without foundation; time will convince you of this." "And am I to accompany Sebastian?" "Yes, but the utmost dispatch will be necessary." "I am ready to depart at a moment's notice." "Well then, I will order a conveyance, and accompany you to town this evening." Satisfied with this arrangement, Virginia lost no time in packing up her wardrobe, and was ready for Don Lopez, even sooner than he expected; the chaise which was to convey them to the place of their destination, drew up, and Don Lopez appeared ready to hand her in. "Wrap yourself up closely," said Don Lopez; "it is a cold evening, and we shall be travelling almost all night." The post-boy was putting up the step, "Stop," said Virginia, "my woman is coming." "Excuse me," said Don Lopez, "I have given orders to the contrary; particular reasons oblige Sebastian to request that your meeting may be private; she must remain here, till she receives further instructions." "But, sir, to travel without an attendant will occasion me great inconvenience." "I am sorry for it, but necessity is imperious; it is the only condition upon which you can meet Sebastian; if you are not prepared to submit to inconvenience, it is at your option to remain here." Virginia hesitated. "Decide promptly," said Don Lopez, "for our time is short." "Well, sir," resumed Virginia, "in this, as in other things, I suppose I must obey you?" Don Lopez bowed sarcastically, and the chaise drove off. After a considerable time past in sullen silence, Virginia ventured to address a few questions to her unsociable companion; he answered her laconically, but with civility, and she could not avoid contrasting his present manners with those he had assumed previous to her marriage with Sebastian; he was then all kindness, assiduity, and gallantry, yet she was not

conscious of having given him any cause of offence: she recalled to mind the prejudice her friend Miss Melcombe had entertained against him, and now began to feel, with equal pain and apprehension, that it was not an unjust one.

After a tedious and fatiguing journey, during which nothing worth mentioning occurred, our travellers stopped, on the evening of the second day, before the gates of a large square mansion, which Virginia observed had not, in any respect, the appearance of an inn. Upon her making this remark to her companion, he replied, "This house belongs to a friend of mine, where you are to wait for Sabastian, who will probably be here in the morning, if he is not already arrived." The bell being rung, a man servant came to the door of the chaise, and offered his arm; Don Lopez stepped out, and, conducted by him, Virginia followed the man, who led them into an old-fashioned parlour, where sat an elderly female, and a robust man, apparently young enough to be her son; the former rose, and saluted the travellers with the obsequiousness of a dependant, rather than the cordiality of an acquaintance; while the man, without paying any particular attention to his guests, walked to the door, and closed it with evident caution. "Perhaps the lady will need some refreshment," said the mistress of the house, addressing herself to Don Lopez. "I dare say she will be glad of a cup of tea or coffee," was his answer. The woman nodded her head, and quitted the room, as if to order, or prepare it. "Is my husband arrived?" enquired Virginia, anxiously. The man looked at her, then at Don Lopez. "Of course not," replied the latter, hastily, "or you would see him here." "It is strange, I think," observed she, sighing. "I understood you, that the utmost haste was necessary; I expected he would have been waiting our arrival." "Some unforeseen occurrence may have detained him," said Don Lopez. "All in good time, ma'am," rejoined the man, again eyeing her with a look of curiosity; "make yourself easy, you are safe enough here without your husband." Tea being brought in, Virginia refrained from making further enquiries, but remained a silent observer of her host and hostess, who were neither of them

persons likely to prepossess her in their favour; their appearance was scarcely above the vulgar, and their manners and conversation were equally uncouth; as her stay was to be short, it did not give her much concern: the woman, when she spoke to her, addressed her with kindness, but it appeared merely put on for the occasion, as the cast of her features were morose, and her voice particularly discordant. After she had sat about an hour, Don Lopez hinted the propriety of her retiring: "You have been greatly fatigued, and a night's rest will recruit your spirits, my dear," said he. Virginia felt surprised at the change in his manner, but she was not now to learn, that Don Lopez could dissemble; and without noticing it, she immediately rose, and wished him a good night. Mrs. Nesbit, her hostess, arose too, and taking a candle, accompanied her to her allotted chamber, and civilly offered to assist her to undress. Virginia declined her services. "Do not put the candle out then," said Mrs. Nesbit, "I will look in again; I always makes it a rule to see every thing right, before I goes to bed." "You may depend upon my being careful," said Virginia. "That may be," returned Mrs. Nesbit, "but safe bind, safe find, you know, and so I always keeps a sharp look out." Virginia, neither comprehending the full extent of her meaning, nor choosing to enter into any debate as to the propriety of the maxim, remained silent; but, as soon as her hostess retreated, took a survey of the accommodation afforded her. The room was small, and but meanly furnished; it contained a tent-bed with dark green curtains, a large elbow chair, evidently designed more for use than ornament, a walnut-tree table without any covering, upon which stood a wash-hand bason and a broken jug; there was no looking-glass in the room, nor any article of furniture that indicated its having been previously occupied by any genteel person: observing a closet, curiosity induced Virginia to open it, but she gained nothing by the investigation; some coarse articles of female apparel, a few empty phials, were all that met her view; the idea, however, of some person having been recently ill in the room, was far from agreeable; and fearful of contracting any dis-

ease by sleeping in the same bed, she resolved not to undress, but to wait the return of Mrs. Nesbit, and request another chamber. The locking of several doors led her to imagine that the family were retiring to rest, though she was certain she heard the voice of some person singing in a distant apartment; shortly after, Mrs. Nesbit appeared, who, finding her still up, uttered a rather petulant exclamation. Virginia mentioned her apprehension of there having been some one ill in the room, and begged to know, if she could be indulged with another apartment. "Meroy on me, what a vagary!" muttered the hitherto obsequious Mrs. Nesbit: "Nobody has been here worse than yourself, I can assure you; so you need not be afraid of catching any disorder; pray go to bed, and make yourself easy, or you will be worse in the morning." Virginia, perceiving by the unsteady step and heightened colour of her hostess, that she had been drinking rather freely, was too much disgusted, and fearful of being treated with insolence to expostulate, she therefore began to undress, and taking a flannel night-robe from her portmanteau, laid it on the bed, determined, as soon as Mrs. Nesbit was gone, to put it on, and sit in the arm-chair all night. Mrs. Nesbit waited in the room to see her fairly in bed, then taking up the candle, and bidding her compose herself to sleep, retired, locking the door on the outside. Virginia, alarmed and surprised by such an unusual proceeding, sprang from the bed, and called after her, but, without noticing her repeated calls, she descended the stairs. Virginia in vain used her utmost force to open the door, but it was too securely fastened to yield to her efforts; again she called loudly upon Mrs. Nesbit, and upon Don Lopez, but without receiving any answer: she rattled the chair upon the floor, in hopes that some one beneath might hear and attend to her; her knocking was answered by a similar noise, but nobody came near her door; wearied at length by her fruitless efforts, and wholly at a loss to divine the meaning of such extraordinary treatment, she threw herself into a chair, the rising moon at that moment shone into the chamber through a small and high window; its welcome beams cheered her sinking heart, she

advanced to the window, and, drawing aside the chequered curtain, perceived, with renewed alarm, that it was secured by strong iron bars. "Gracious Heaven! am I imprisoned?" exclaimed the terrified Virginia; "has that wretch been so cruel as to deceive me, and immure me in this vile place? Oh! it is, it must be a plot, I see it all!" Agonized beyond description, Virginia remained for some moments in a state of torpor, from which she was roused by the most piercing shrieks and horrible yells; again she flew to the door, and shook it violently, but in vain; nor did she wish to persist in her purpose, when she heard the voice of Nesbit uttering dreadful imprecations and menaces. Terror superseding every other emotion, Virginia determined on remaining quiet during the rest of the night; it now, for the first time, occurred to her, that she might be in one of those receptacles for the insane that she had heard mention of, and she knew that, by appearing tranquil alone, she could be certain of lenient treatment, and such a degree of liberty as might enable her to judge of her exact situation and probable chance of emancipation; accordingly, after having relieved her agitated spirits by the free indulgence of her tears, she sunk on her knees by the bedside, and endeavoured to fortify her mind by prayer, that she might not sink under the expected horrors of her fate.

Leaving for a time the unfortunate victim of credulity, we will give a brief detail of some preceding occurrences, which will serve to throw a light on the mystery which involved her destiny; deep laid indeed was the plot conspired against her peace, and vile the agents employed to carry it into effect, as will be seen by the following letters.

(To be continued.)

THE BOYAR;**OR,****GRANDEE OF RUSSIA.**

A RUSSIAN ANECDOTE, FOUNDED ON RECENT FACTS.

Alas! that tyrant custom should prevail,
The force of love, the law of nature fail!
Alas! that virtue should submit to pride,
And own distinctions which her laws deride!

ALEXY PETERHOFF GALLOWIN was the son of a rich peasant in the government of ***** in Russia. His mother expired a few days after his birth; and the father, in less than one year after, died of grief for her loss. The Boyar, a descendant of the ancient nobles or grandes of the empire, was severely touched by the death of a man, whom, notwithstanding the great disparity of rank, he had ever honoured with his friendship and confidence. He was equally affected with the fate of his son, the infant Alexy, thus left an helpless orphan; and resolved to evince his regard for the memory of the father by transferring the marks of his attachment to the son. He commanded the domestics of Gallowin to bring Alexy, (or Alexis, as we shall henceforth call him) to his own mansion; and ordered the wealth of their late master to be distributed amongst his relatives, having resolved to provide for the infant himself.

The engaging smiles, the sweet disposition, and the beauty of the infant Alexis, soon won the affections of the Boyar; and the feelings he at length entertained for the charming boy, could not be surpassed even by the fond emotions of a parent. The Boyar was childless: he had been married seven years, and dispaired of an heir to in-

herit the honours of his house. The adoption of Alexis, at length, burst into idea, and inspired a joy that kindled a still stronger affection towards the blooming object of his hopes. Alexis had, for many months, been his chief delight, and he appeared dull and gloomy whenever he was not caressing the child. He now beheld him, if possible, with more lively and tender emotions than before: the ties of nature never consecrated in the bosom of the parent, a fondness more transporting. Indeed, the joy of the Boyar, at this sudden beam of light that broke in upon his mind, resembled that of a mother who is suddenly restored to an only child that she had long given up for lost: in short, he was adopted, and reared as the presumptive heir to the house of *****.

In about four years afterwards, this nobleman was blessed with a daughter; but the mother only lived to embrace her child, and expired; recommending, with her dying breath, the future union of Alexis with her daughter, who, she requested, might be named, after herself, Katharine.

The Boyar had enjoyed a felicity which nothing could heighten, as nothing had interrupted: the adoption of Alexis had only completed it. His grief, however, for the death of a beloved wife, would have proved beyond the powers of consolation, had not the sole pledge she had left behind, together with his tender affection for Alexis, and the prospect of their future union, diffused in his breast a sweet alloy to his affliction.

Nothing could exceed the increasing happiness with which the Boyar found himself surrounded. With heartfelt pride and satisfaction, he saw Alexis and Katharine surpassing his fondest hopes. His affection knew no preference; while in the growing attachment and mutual affection of the youthful friends, he looked forward to the happy period of their union as lovers, to crown all his hopes, and open a new prospect of felicity before him, in the happiness of them and their offspring. This period was not far distant, when the charms of the accomplished Katharine excited the admiration of all beholders. Fame gave her out as the wonder

of her sex; and the rank, wealth, and ancient nobility of her house, attracted a host of suitors to visit her father's mansion. They saw, however, in Alexis, a rival with whom they dared not contend, or even name their pretensions to the Boyar.

It happened, that a nobleman of the Emperor's court came to pass a few days with the Boyar. He welcomed the friend of his early years: they had not met since they were boys. Each were happy in the recollection of their youthful sports, and mutually recounted all the events of their lives. The Boyar dwelt with pleasing rapture on his past and present felicity; and was exulting in the prospects of the future, when the amiable subject of his discourse, the beautiful Katharine, made her appearance, and astonished his noble guest as much by her graceful and dignified deportment, as by her beauty. "What a pity is it," said the astonished guest, on her retiring, "that my friend has not sought an alliance for his daughter equal to her birth!" and then sat in silent thought, while the Boyar continued to open his heart, big with the anticipation of joyful events; but his guest was too thoughtful to hear one word that was now said.

This nobleman had a son nearly of the same age as Katharine; and the hope of forming a nuptial alliance between him and the daughter of his friend, immediately presented itself at the first view of Katharine, the heiress of so noble and ancient a house as that of the Boyar. It was this absorbed his mind. In order to bring the matter about, he lost not a moment in awaking the pride of the Boyar, by representing the intended match as derogatory to his ancestry, as a stain upon his blood, and every way unworthy of his great rank. This appeal appeared to have a visible effect upon the Boyar.

In following the pure impulse of his generous nature, he had hitherto enjoyed the most sublime pleasures. Nothing obscured the prospect of his future felicity; nor was he esteemed less noble, because he maintained the dignity of his house without ostentation or parade. The suggestion of his friend,

however, involved him in profound thought: his long line of ancestors now crowded upon his mind, and seemed to exact from him the performance of a rigid duty. His guest interrupted this reverie by describing the rivalry that existed amongst the noblest families for the honour of an alliance with his. Among this number, he was proud to avow himself, having a son of equal age with his daughter, who, besides his noble descent, stood high in the imperial service. This was sufficient to have opened the eyes of the Boyar. It did not.

By these representations and suggestions, the Boyar was at length prevailed upon to delay the proposed union of Alexis and Katharine, which had been long fixed in his own mind, and which he had only waited till he saw, in their confirmed affections for each other, a favourable opportunity to solemnize.

His politic guest, having thus succeeded in at least suspending the intention of the Boyar, next prevailed upon him, by the most plausible arguments, to admit suitors from those distinguished families who were ambitious of his alliance. "For my own son," added he, "I claim no distinction or preference; let him enter the lists clothed with no other advantage than his own merit. She has sense to distinguish merit, and, like a daughter worthy of you, will bestow her hand upon the worthiest." The Boyar not only consented to this proposal, but also to a plan by which Alexis was to accompany some friends of the Boyar then about departing on a voyage of pleasure to England; it having been concerted to introduce, in his absence, suitors who were, by birth, of her own elevated rank, and, if necessary, to wean her affections from Alexis, by constant insinuations against his mean birth, and by pointing to the scorn she would incur, were she to sully the honour of her father's name by so unworthy a choice.

The next consideration was, how to prepare Alexis and Katharine for so unexpected a separation, without exciting any alarm. Alexis doated on Katharine with the most ardent affection, and she exhibited all the fondness of a lover

for Alexis, without suspecting that she loved. Absence alone was to convince her.

Alexis was delighted when told of the proposed voyage of pleasure, as it was termed. But he no sooner thought of the separation it would occasion from the dear object of his affections, than his inclination for the voyage as quickly vanished, and he hastened to impart to Katharine his feelings on the occasion. She rallied him very pleasantly on the subject; but could not, by all her efforts, divert the sudden gloom which she saw expressed in his countenance; her gaiety, indeed, on the occasion, rather confirmed it, and he left her more melancholy than he came. As he retired, he was met by the noble guest of the Boyar, who observed the change, and at once attributed it to the proper cause. He immediately imparted his suspicions to Katharine, in order to sound her disposition towards Alexis. He was pleased to find her, not only unconcerned at the separation, but even recommending the voyage; and expressing a hope, that her dear Alexis would not neglect so agreeable an opportunity of visiting foreign countries. "Alas!" said the friend of the Boyar, as he took her by the hand, "that you should not be sensible of the power which you possess over our sex—it is you who detain Alexis against the wishes of your father—What region possesses sufficient attraction to draw him from your smiles?—Who would, voluntarily, abstract himself from the light of heaven?—Were I," continued he, "once more, what Alexis now is, you alone could banish me one moment from your smiles, and you alone can command the departure of Alexis."

(To be continued.)

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR DECEMBER, 1816.

WE have peculiar satisfaction in calling the attention of our fair readers to meetings, convened by the chief magistrate in the metropolis, and by the opulent in various parts of the kingdom, for relieving the distresses of the suffering poor; but none more so than the laudable example of the Ladies of Leicester, who have formed themselves into a committee, and resolved—

“That as the services of the ladies can be usefully employed in this benevolent work, an Association of Ladies be now formed to superintend the faithful application of such funds as may be placed at their disposal, for supplying articles of wearing apparel to the industrious and distressed poor.

“That a primary object with this Association shall be to ascertain the degree of want, in regard to clothing, which now prevails in the town; and that, for this purpose, the town be divided into districts; and that ladies be requested to take charge of these districts, and to visit all the houses of the poor, and to make a return of such particulars as are required in the form now produced.”

Donations have been liberally contributed; and this benevolent example, so worthy of the fair sex and of imitation, will, we hope and trust, be generally followed:—On no occasion, were such exertions and benevolence more required; nor will they, we hope, be relaxed, till the legislature has done something more permanent and effective.

The manner in which the Regent received the Corporation on their recently presenting a Petition for a Reform in

Parliament, (in which they affirm that the distresses of the times are to be attributed to the late improvident and ruinous war, and to the appointment of useless sinecures and pensions), is described as having been far more ungracious than the terms of surprise and regret in his reply give us reason to suppose;—he looked stern, read the answer with great emphasis, and, at the close, rose, and left the audience-chamber hastily, without permitting the usual ceremony of kissing hands.

Much importance has been given to a mere street brawl and riot, by a party of sailors, assembled in Spa-fields, on the morning previous to the second meeting, to receive the answer of the Prince Regent to the Petition presented by Mr. Hunt. This body of men, after being addressed from a wagon by two or three persons, and headed by them, proceeded to the shop of Mr. Beckwith, in Skinner-street; where they demanded arms; one of them, upon a remonstrance from a Mr. Platt, fired a pistol at that gentleman, which wounded him severely; but, though the ball has not been extracted, we are happy to hear, that he is in a fair way of recovering. They then proceeded to other disgraceful acts, but without endangering the life of any other individual; several shops were broken open, property taken from some, and fire-arms from others. The Lord Mayor, with a posse of constables, opposed them at the Royal Exchange, and took three of them into custody; the remainder are said to have made a desperate resistance, and afterwards to have gone to the tower; where they were dispersed. It has been asserted by the government-papers, "that a regular preconcerted plan had been formed, which was to commence in mid-day; the gun-shops were then considered unprotected, and the tower was calculated upon as an easy conquest; that if they had succeeded in these two grand points, messengers would have been dispatched to the Spa-fields meeting, from whence they expected considerable reinforcements, when the general work of destruction would have commenced." But the examinations which have since taken place, and been published, give us no reason to credit these assertions, but to attribute the

whole to the state of desperation to which so many unhappy and unfortunate men are at this time driven by their wants and privations. There appears to have been nothing like concert, and that they sallied forth without an object, looking upon every one who opposed them as an enemy, indifferent as to the result, and tired and disgusted with existence itself!!! Young Watson, a surgeon, whose father and family have for many years lived most respectably in Southampton-street, in the Strand, and who have suffered most severely by the pressure of the times, is suspected of having headed this tumultuous band, and shot Mr. Platt; as the person who fired, expressed his contrition at the event, by wringing his hands, and offered his assistance as a surgeon; he was immediately apprehended, but soon after rescued by his companions. Notwithstanding the reward of £700 has been offered for the apprehension of young Watson, and the most diligent search has been made for him, he has contrived to elude his pursuers for more than a fortnight, and to the date of writing this article.

Nottingham is still subject to the lawless outrages and exactions of the Luddites. The collectors of the Black Committee continue to levy their contributions, whilst the King's taxes and parochial rates remain unpaid.

The Paris papers state, that the law proposed to authorize donations to ecclesiastical establishments, has been agreed to by the Peers, by a majority of 135 to 11.

The private accounts from France, which may be relied on, say, that, in addition to the tumults and riots which are prevalent in that country, an insurrection has broken out in Brittany.

Letters from New York, to the 6th ult. No change for the better has taken place in the market for English dry goods. They had heard of the bad state of our harvest; and feared, from the indifferent state of their own, that they should not have much to spare for Europe. Wheat was at 2½ dollars per bushel, equal to 80 shillings per quarter; and Indian corn, at 1 dollar, 80 cents. Superfine flour had risen to 11 dollars per barrel.





The English Wit-choura and Evening Dress
Invented by M^{rs} Bell. N. 26 Charlotte Street, Bedford Square.

Pub. Jan^y 22 1817. by Dean & Munday Threadneedle Street, London.

The misunderstanding which has taken place between America and Russia, in consequence of the Ambassador of the latter having been accused of violating the American laws, and being confined with felons, is not yet adjusted.

By the last accounts from Java, accounts have been received of a successful and decisive action having been fought at Macassar, in Celebes, between the British troops stationed at that settlement and the armies of several of the native chiefs in hostility with the European authority. These accounts were brought to Batavia by the Hon. Company's cruiser, Ternate.

The last arrivals from the continent and America contain nothing of importance. A publication concerning Bonaparte has made its appearance, which, from the extract we have seen, possesses considerable interest.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

This month has been unusually devoid of interest and attraction. At DRURY-LANE, Dec. 6th, Miss Mangeon appeared for the first time in *Clarissa*: her voice, though sweet, is not considered strong enough for either of the large London theatres; her cadences were imperfect, and deficient in expression, but she was visibly much agitated, and fear might subdue her natural powers, and impede her efforts.

12th. A new farce, entitled "*Nota Bene*," was brought out at this theatre; but a more insignificant piece was never presented to the public; the principal characters were a quack-doctor, a barber, two sign-boards, and two kicks in

the seat of honour, but the incidents were so disjointed and huddled together, and it was altogether so absurd, that it was deservedly condemned.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Love-a-la-Mode was revived to afford Mr. H. Johnson a second opportunity of displaying his talents in *Sir Archy*; he has acquired considerable proficiency in his enunciation of the Scottish dialect; and his performance was greeted with applause: he will no doubt become a favourite in this line of acting; and be soon announced in a more arduous character.

13th. A new farce, entitled "Love and the Tooth-Ache," was presented; but it has little to recommend it, except the tricks and devices which have been used in other farces a thousand times, with more effect, and the negative merit of exciting laughter. It was not well received, and must soon be abandoned.

Among other strange occurrences, on the 21st Dec. Mr. Kean received an anonymous letter, in a female hand, or disguised to imitate it, complaining that, in the character of Sir Edward Mortimer, "he grinned like a monkey," and that the next night, if he continued to grin so horribly, the writer would shoot him. Mr. Kean treated it as unworthy of notice; but, from what had recently happened, the manager thought otherwise, and sent the letter to Mr. Birnie, who attended in the front boxes, and posted men in various parts of the theatre, to prevent any interruption, or disturbance. Mr. Kean went through the part with unusual spirit, and nothing occurred to create alarm.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR JANUARY, 1817.

THE ENGLISH WITZCHOURA

Is the greatest novelty and most useful appendage to dress for the present season that can be conceived: it protects the wearer from the inclemency of the weather, preserves the dress worn under from being rumpled, and forms a most elegant exterior covering, either for riding, walking, or evening parties. Its make is quite novel; of which our print conveys a perfect idea. It is composed of a superfine lilac and white mixture cloth, lined with silk. A lady's *chapeau bras* is attached to the Witzchoura, made of the same material, and lined with silk, in a very novel manner.

The cornet cap is composed of blond lace and scarlet silk velvet, ornamented with flowers, producing a most rich and beautiful effect. Suitable gloves, boots, and shoes, are worn, as may be required.

EVENING DRESS

Is made of a beautiful Paisley gauze, richly trimmed with white fur, and black cording all round the fur, so as to give a half-mourning appearance to the dress; which is of a moderate length, so as to shew a part of the instep; the sleeves are rather full, so as to give them a rich effect, falling gracefully over the shoulders, and somewhat exposing the bust and back. White kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

The only variation in the Parisian style, since the publication of our last, is in the evening costume; which is a round dress, of white satin, superbly ornamented round the edge with flounces of broad Vandyck lace, and puffings of tulle: the dress is made rather high, with a Vandyck lace tucker; worn with a white Persian sash, the ends of the sash short, and trimmed with lace; the sleeves finished with a letting in of lace, and puffings of tulle to correspond with the edge of the dress. The hair is divided by a bandeau of white satin, arranged in curls round the face, and elevated in the Chinese style, on the top of the head. Shoes of pale blue kid, and white kid gloves.

The usual winter grey hat, lined with rose colour, has made its appearance; while ladies of a fair complexion wear a hat of celestial blue, trimmed with white. Black hats, of straw or velvet, ornamented with lilac riband, or trimmed with bright jonquil, are much worn. Some hats are entirely black; but straw hats, decorated with rich winter or fancy flowers, are sometimes seen. Spartan bonnets of white are worn in public; but bonnets of various descriptions, fantastically made, and decorated in the usual extravagance of flowers, coloured ribands, and black and white feathers, in profusion; of which our former descriptions, adapted to the season, will give a correct idea.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



TO AGNES.

FAIR Stranger! whosoe'er thou art
That from thy viewless lyre dost pour
Strains that enslave the willing heart,
Strains that in sorrow's saddest hour
Can bid the stormy passions cease,
And lull the troubled soul to peace,—
Oh! think not, that when fancy wove
Her day-dreams bright of rainbow hue,
And led me to the fairy grove,
Where blossoms, bath'd in heav'nly dew,
Hung in wild wreaths on Agnes' matchless lyre,
Scenting each passing gale that shook the golden wire,—
Oh! deem not, that by her misled,
My real hopes aspir'd so high,
As e'er such sacred ground to tread,
Or catch the star-beams of her eye!
No;—it was but an idle dream,
And yet it gave a passing joy;
A sunny ray on life's dark stream
The rising storm shall soon destroy.
And deem not I can e'er conclude
Thy heart unkind;—believe me, no!
Nought but the beautiful and good
Can in that angel-bosom glow!
Yet still to hear thy 'witching lay,
And his, who breathes a soft response to thine,
Will sooth my melancholy day,
And yield a pleasure I can ne'er define.

ORA.

Thule, September, 1816.

STANZAS.

AH! who's the fair, with golden lyre,
 Vibrating tend'rest notes of woe,
 That list'ning angels rapt admire,
 The minstrel of these spheres below?

'Tis she,* sweet Thulean maid! who sings
 With deep-ton'd pathos in mine ear,
 And mounts the air on seraph-wings—
 Those realms to suff'ring virtue dear!

Anon, enthusiast to the strain,
 I cannot from thy music part;
 To me thou canst not chaunt in vain,
 Who feel acute thy soothing art!

Sweet Pity, from thy moisten'd eyes,
 Shall chase Affliction's tearful shade,
 And Hope yet sooth the struggling sighs
 That wring thy bosom, Thulean maid!

16th December, 1816.

HATT.

ON SENSIBILITY,

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MR. HATT, AUTHOR OF THE
 "HERMIT," "LYRICS," &c.

As late by Avon's flow'ry banks I stray'd,
 The setting sun shone sweetly on the wave,
 I sought the peaceful, cool, sequester'd shade,
 Where mourn'd Thalia o'er her Shakspeare's grave;

And as I pass'd along in pensive thought,
 Whilst fancy-painted-scenes I left behind,
 A voice re-echo'd through the neighb'ring grot,
 And these soft accents floated on the wind—

* See the beautiful Poems of Miss Campbell, just published.

"What charms, sweet sensibility, are thine!
Whene'er the tale of woe salutes the ear,
Those soft sensations speak the gift divine,
The heart-felt throb, the sympathetic tear.

"Oh! who would change this extacy of bliss
For all the charms that avarice affords?
To aid a fellow creature in distress,
How far superior to their sordid hoards!

Look not so proud, nor check the rising tear,
Ye great, to whom the joys of wealth are giv'n;
*The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags; unknown, and goes to heav'n!*"

The sounds were hush'd, all nature seem'd at rest,
Each feather'd warbler sunk in sweet repose;
But sure this lesson deeply was impress'd—
That heart is truly blest which feels for others' woes!

Hammersmith.

MARIA HAZLEGROVE.

TO THE MEMORY

OF

THE LATE RICHARD REYNOLDS, OF BRISTOL.

THEY need not tears, the pious and the just,
Who, when the turmoil of the day is o'er,
Sink down in quiet glory to the dust,
And sleep that tranquil sleep which wakes no more,
Or wakens but in heaven—their place of rest
Is hallowed to them!—therefore thine shall be
For ever holy, and thy memory blest
Through all the world!—I thought to mourn for thee;
But nature chid me, and with proud delight
Forbad my grief; rejoicing to behold
Her faded splendour beaming yet so bright
Through the dark covering of this earthly mould—
They need not tears, a blameless course that run,
That liv'd as thou hast liv'd, and die as thou hast done!

MARRIAGE.

TO A FRIEND RECENTLY UNITED TO THE OBJECT OF HER
AFFECTION.

(Concluded from page 345.)

PART II.

AND now attend a varied theme,
Nor less important may it seem,—
Maternal pleasures would you know,
Maternal care 'tis yours to shew;
A task imposing it must prove
To guide with skill and guard with love.
Oh! shame on her, who, led astray
By fashion's mad seductive sway,
In dissipation's haunts can roam
Unmindful of the claims at home,
Forsakes her babe, neglects its cry,
Or thinks a hireling can supply
Her place. Vain thought! a mother's breast
Must ever prove the safest nest;
A mother's fond and watchful eye
Remotest danger can espy,
And sickness, peril, all alarms,
Are sooth'd within a mother's arms;
Perhaps averted by her care—
What triumph can with this compare!

And soon the lesson's tedious page
The young attention must engage,
And best a mother's lips can pour
Instructive truth and simple lore;
Nor dull the task to her whose aim
Is to secure her offspring's fame,
And lead them to the envied state
That crowns the good, the wise, and great,

Perhaps, displeas'd, you pettish cry,
"Can no one fill, as well as I,
The place of governess and nurse?"
They may, and they may fill it worse—
"But must my days in such dull round
Still pass, and still no joy be found?
Must rout and op'ra, ball and play,
Be all resign'd my wedding day—
Must no amusement gild the scene,
But all be ennui and spleen?
If these the duties of a wife,
Better be single all one's life!"
True, and if she no joy can know,
But such as spring from pomp and shew,
Well may poor Mira rue the day
She gave her liberty away,
And bound herself by sacred ties
To duties irksome in her eyes.
But 'tis not so with you, whose mind
Is form'd with feelings more refin'd;
Who know yourself by heav'n ordain'd
To act a part, which, well sustain'd,
Proves your importance, and reflects
The highest honour on your sex.
Be wise then, Mira, nor conclude
That duty's path with thorns is strew'd;
Sweets you may gather, if you will,
But cheerfully your task fulfill;
If home has cares, those cares are light
Compar'd with joys so pure, so bright,
As spring from talents well employ'd,
And pleasures temp'rately enjoy'd.
With book, or pen, or needle's skill,
Employ yourself with ready will,
And then your hours in cheerful round
Will pass, nor time for spleen be found;
Sufficient leisure still remains
For music's sweet and soothing strains,
For social chat, or harmless game,
The rural walk, or friendship's claim.
Oft let devotion's sacred page
Yourself and family engage.

Let order in your household reign,
 Extravagance and waste restrain ;
 Yet shun extremes, nor meanly fly
 The widow's pray'r, the orphan's cry ;
 Just heav'n will then augment your store,
 And on your head fresh blessings pour ;
 And when swift years shall pass away,
 While grey locks on your temples stray,
 Though beauty's bloom has from you flown,
 The charms of virtue are your own ;
 Then filial and connubial love
 Your true felicity will prove ;
 Age without terror will approach,
 And find you free from self-reproach ;
 You then may boast, as far as mortal can,
 A well-spent life, approv'd by God and man !

MENTORIA.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH THE PROFILE OF HER DECEASED BROTHER.

WHEN in this sketch thine aching eyes shall trace
 The lov'd resemblance of thy brother's face,
 As down thy cheek the trembling tear-drops roll,
 And all the sister struggles in thy soul,
 Let weeping memory paint, and conscious truth,
 The many virtues that adorn'd his youth :
 That oft remembering these, thy actions too
 May catch a self-same sympathy of hue ;
 Like him display, in each allotted part,
 A steady judgment, and a glowing heart,
 Unswerving honour, dignity of mind,
 Soft sensibility, and taste refin'd,
 A social temper, modesty of mien,
 And bashful merit careless to be seen ;
 Like him, unblam'd, thy every conduct shine,
 And all *his* innocence of life be thine.
 So ye that often in this world have met,
 Embrac'd with joy, and parted with regret,
 Shall meet again, in happier realms above,
 Where smiles *eternal* joy, and peace, and love——
 United spirits on that blissful shore,
 Nor grief shall wound, nor death shall part ye more !

TO ORA.

O! pour thy melancholy strain,
Again, fair minstrel, on our ear;
Thou giv'st a balm with ev'ry pain,
A mingling solace with each tear.

O! pour again thy harp-notes wild,
To me how dear their soothing tone!
For I, like thee, am sorrow's child,
A wand'rer, cheerless and alone.

What tho' the rude wind shake the wires,
Or the bleak North around them blow;
Warm genius ev'ry note inspires,
And music warbles in thy woe.

Yet, ah! that grief should wake the theme,
And tune thy dulcet verse to sorrow!—
But heav'n beholds—the glad'ning beam,
Withheld to-day, may dawn to-morrow!

E'en now, on Hope's celestial hill,
Peace plumes her pinion, dipt in gold;
Bright smiles of bliss may wait thee still,
Ere yet thy songs themselves are old.

Then strike again thy magic lyre,
A kindred bosom courts the strain;
O strike the warbling wild notes higher,
Nor tempt the list'ning ear in vain!

And ah! forgive, nor deem'tis rude,
A stranger woos thy mystic pow'r,
One who has oft thy virtues view'd,
And wept for thee at ev'ning hour.

Yes, when the radiant queen of night,
In cloudless pomp look'd down from heav'n,
How oft has Fancy to my sight,
Thine airy image fondly giv'n;—

Oft when the pale lamp's bick'ring flame,
Expiring sheds its latest ray;
When Folly flaunts in guilty shame,
And Penitence retires to pray;—

When Meditation shuns the noise
 Of tumult, and discordant strife;
 And wakes to muse on holier joys,
 Beyond the realms of mortal life;—

When Melancholy's wayward child,
 Walks o'er some gothic ruin, spread
 Amid the forest's tangling wild,
 Where silence slumbers with the dead;—

When Contemplation imp's her wings
 To worlds of light, the stars above,
 Or lists, while Philomela sings
 To lovers' ears the notes of love;—

Yes! then my wand'ring thoughts shall stroll,
 With the green waves that wash thine ilse;
 And, as the sounding billows roll
 On Thule's shore, my heart shall smile,

Perhaps the buoyant winds may bear
 To genial climes thy harpings mild;
 They cannot all be lost in air,
 So sweet, so simple, and so wild.

Then strike again thy magic lyre,
 A kindred bosom courts the strain;
 O! strike the warbling wild-notes higher,
 Nor tempt the list'ning ear in vain!

LORENZO.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lorenzo's request shall certainly be complied with.

We are sorry that the favours of — were received too late for the present Number, but they shall appear without fail in our next.

The lines by Edgar are under consideration; we wish the poetry had been equal to the sentiments.

We should be happy to oblige H. B. but the contribution he has sent us is too imperfect for insertion. We take this opportunity of observing, that it is always with reluctance we reject the favours of our correspondents, and would willingly hope that such rejection may tend rather to excite than discourage the ambition of improvement,



ENZO.

or the
ry had
as sent
erving,
corres-
rather



M^{rs} Opie

Pub. 1st Feb^y 1827. by Dean & Munday Threadneedle Street.